

SUPERMAN  
DC  
NATIONAL COMICS

ALSO A NEW MYSTERY featuring POW-WOW SMITH  
INDIAN LAWMAN

SUPERMAN  
DC  
NATIONAL COMICS

# Detective Comics

OCT.  
NO. 200

10c

In this issue:  
THE ACE  
CRIME-BUSTERS  
CLASH WITH AN  
UNDERGROUND  
BROADCASTING  
MENACE!



RADIO STATION C-R-I-M-E  
CALLING CAR NO. 7... BE  
ON THE ALERT -- BATMAN  
AND ROBIN ON YOUR  
TRAIL!



ALSO A NEW MYSTERY featuring **POW-WOW SMITH**  
**INDIAN LAWMAN**



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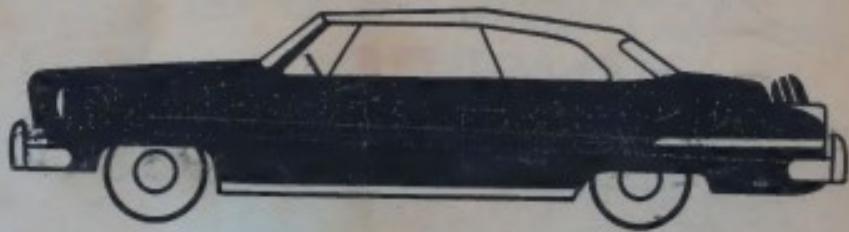
In this issue:  
THE ACE  
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Ruth  
8/30

RADIO STATION C-R-I-M-E  
CALLING CAR NO. 7... BE  
ON THE ALERT -- BATMAN  
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TRAIL!



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Address \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

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State \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

# BAT-MAN

With  
ROBIN  
THE BOY WONDER

A NEW RADIO VOICE SPEAKS TO GOTHAM CITY--- A VOICE THAT SPEAKS ONLY TO THE UNDERWORLD! YES, THE UNDERWORLD ACQUIRES ITS OWN BROADCAST STATION, AND BATMAN AND ROBIN MUST BATTLE A BAFFLING MENACE OF THE AIR-WAVES WHOSE SINISTER ANNOUNCEMENT IS: "THIS IS

## RADIO STATION C-R-I-M-E!"

THIS IS RADIO STATION  
C-R-I-M-E!

WE HAVE AN  
IMPORTANT NEWS  
BULLETIN! BATMAN  
AND ROBIN ARE  
ABOUT TO DIE!



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# DETECTIVE COMICS



NIGHT IS  
THE TIME  
WHEN  
A GREAT  
CITY'S HUMAN  
JACARAS GO  
FORTH ON  
THEIR  
SINISTER  
QUESTS!

THIS IS THE  
WAREHOUSE---  
BUT IT'S  
LOCKED  
TIGHT!

OKAY, YOU  
MEN KNOW  
WHAT TO DO---  
GET BUSY!

WAREHOUSE



QUICK... INSIDE AND GET THAT  
SHIPMENT OF RARE  
CARVED JADES!

WELL?

WELL?</p



# DETECTIVE COMICS



# DETECTIVE COMICS

**AND BATMAN IS RIGHT! FOR WHEN THE DIRECTIONAL "FIR" IS MADE AND THE CAR SPEEDS TO THE INDICATED LOCATION...**

THEY'VE STOPPED TRANSMITTING NOW, BUT THE DIRECTION-LINES CROSSED RIGHT HERE!

CALL COMMISSIONER GORDON--WE'LL SEARCH EVERY HOUSE IN THIS AREA!

WAIT! THERE'S SOMETHING COMING THROUGH AGAIN!

**Z STATION C-R-I-M-E CALLING F-6! SIGNAL 3! SIGNAL 3!**

THAT MEANS THEY'RE USING A MOBILE TRANSMITTER, MOUNTED IN A CAR OR TRUCK! THEY CAN BROADCAST FROM A DIFFERENT LOCATION EACH TIME, AND THEN MOVE ON! THAT'S GOING TO MAKE IT HARD, BUT TRY AGAIN!



**HOURS LATER, TWO BAFFLED CRIME-CRUSHERS REPORT TO COMMISSIONER GORDON!**

WE COULDN'T EVEN GET CLOSE TO THEM... BY THE TIME WE GOT A FIX AND FOLLOWED IT, THE MOBILE TRANSMITTER HAD SHUT DOWN AND MOVED!

THIS IS MORE SERIOUS THAN I THOUGHT! IT'S OBVIOUS THAT STATION C-R-I-M-E IS BROADCASTING POLICE INFORMATION, BUT HOW DO THEY GET THAT INFORMATION? THAT'S THE MYSTERY WE MUST SOLVE!



**BUT AFTER AN INTENSIVE HUNT, THAT MYSTERY ONLY DEEPENS!**

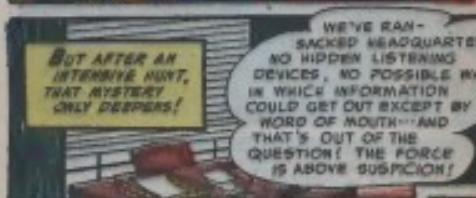
WE'VE RAN-SACKED HEADQUARTERS, NO HIDDEN LISTENING DEVICES, NO POSSIBLE WAY IN WHICH INFORMATION COULD GET OUT EXCEPT BY WORD OF MOUTH--AND THAT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION! THE FORCE IS ABOVE SUSPICION!

FOLEY, ROUND UP MY ENTIRE STAFF AND HAVE THEM REPORT IN HERE! WE'RE GOING TO SEARCH EVERY INCH OF THIS HEADQUARTERS!



COMMISSIONER, THIS REQUEST HAS JUST COME THROUGH!

ALL RIGHT, OFFICER! YOU CAN GO NOW!



IT'S FROM JOHN BARTON, CURATOR OF THE MID-WEST MUSEUM! HE'S BRINGING A COLLECTION OF HISTORIC GEMS TO GOTHAM CITY BY PLANE... FLIGHT IS, DUE HERE AT NOON... HE WANTS POLICE PROTECTION WHEN HE LANDS!

SINCE INFORMATION DOES HAVE A WAY OF LEAKING OUT, PERHAPS ROBIN AND I HAD BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON MR. BARTON, TOO--FROM THE BATPLANE!

**AND SOON, THE GRIM-WINGED BATPLANE TAKES THE AIR! BUT AS IT DOES, THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE SPEAKS!**

WE'LL MEET BARTON'S PLANE SOME DISTANCE OUT FROM GOTHAM CITY TO MAKE SURE, ROBIN!





# DETECTIVE COMICS



# DETECTIVE COMICS



BUT AS THE BAT-WINGED CRAFT CIRCLES THE SLOWER HELICOPTER LIKE A HAWK AROUND A PIGEON...

THE SMOKE IS BLINDING ME! WE'LL CRASH IF WE KEEP ON!

THEN LAND --- IT'S BETTER TO LET THE GEMS GO THAN CRACK UP!

THEN, AS FRUSTRATED THUGS GROPE THROUGH DENSE CLOUDS...

HEY, IS THIS YOU, PETE? I CAN'T SEE... BUT THIS CAPE... ARE YOU... ARE YOU...?

YOU GUessed IT, HOOD! ROBIN AND I LANDED ON OUR OWN COPTER-GEAR AND WERE WAITING FOR YOU!



I DON'T KNOW! WE WORKED BY MAIL! WE AGREED TO GIVE A SHARE OF OUR LOOT TO THE STATION --- IT SENT US THE SIGNAL-CODE AND TOLD US WHERE TO LEAVE OUR PAY-OFF! BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW IT GETS ITS TIPS OR POLICE PLANS!

YOU'RE GOING BACK TO GOTHAM CITY... AND I'M GOING TO SEE THE COMMISSIONER AT ONCE!



A SEARCH OF THEIR POCKETS REVEALS...

THE SECRET CODE-SIGNALS OF STATION C-R-I-M-E! SIGNAL 1 MEANS "RIVER POLICE APPROACHING FROM NORTH!" SIGNAL 2 MEANS "RIVER POLICE APPROACHING FROM SOUTH!"... AND SO ON, IN CODE!

WHO'S RUNNING THIS UNDERWORLD RADIO STATION, AND HOW DOES HE KNOW AT ONCE WHAT THE POLICE WILL DO?



LOOK AT THIS SIGNAL-CODE THAT STATION C-R-I-M-E WORKED OUT FOR ITS CRIMINAL CLIENTS! NOTICE ANYTHING ABOUT IT?



WHY, IT'S WORKED OUT EXACTLY LIKE THE POLICE RADIO CODE --- EXCEPT IT USES DIFFERENT SIGNALS!



# DETECTIVE COMICS



I THINK THAT -  
SIMILARITY IS A  
CLUE! IS THERE  
ANYONE WHO  
KNOWS THE  
POLICE RADIO  
SYSTEM WE  
MIGHT  
SUSPECT?

NO---BUT WAIT,  
WE DID FIRE ONE  
CIVILIAN RADIO  
ENGINEER NAMED  
BRAND KELDEN,  
LAST YEAR! WE  
SUSPECTED HIM  
OF PASSING OUT  
INFORMATION  
OBTAINED IN  
HS WORK HERE!

AH, HERE IT IS.  
BRAND KELDEN  
NOW WORKS AT  
THE GOTHAM  
RADIO COMPANY!

S...YES, MR. KELDEN IS ONE OF OUR  
ENGINEERS... WE SENT HIM OUT  
WEST TWO WEEKS AGO WITH A  
MOBILE TRANSMITTER TO INSTALL!

BETTER CHECK UP  
ON WHETHER HE  
REACHED THERE  
AND CALL  
ME BACK!



KELDEN MIGHT BE THE  
MASTERMIND BEHIND STATION  
C-R-I-M-E... BUT THAT  
DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE BIG  
MYSTERY OF HOW THE VOICE  
CAN OVERHEAR EVERY-  
THING WE SAY!

KELDEN, A SKILLFUL  
RADIO TECHNICIAN,  
WORKED HERE... HE  
COULD HAVE HIDDEN  
LISTENING DEVICES WE'VE  
BEEN UNABLE TO FIND YET!  
WE'LL SEARCH AGAIN!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN A ROOM NOT  
FAR FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS,

SO YOU GOT ON THE TRAIL OF MY  
IDENTITY, BATMAN? WELL, YOU  
MAY SUSPECT THE VOICE IS  
BRAND KELDEN, BUT YOU'LL  
NEVER SUSPECT HOW I  
OVERHEAR WHAT'S SAID IN  
POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



AND AFTER A FUTILE SEARCH...

NOTHING! WE'VE EXAMINED  
EVERY INCH AND THERE  
ISN'T A LISTENING DEVICE  
IN THIS OFFICE!

IT'S UNCANNY!  
WAIT---THERE'S  
THE PHONE! MAYBE  
IT'S THAT RADIO  
FIRM CALLING  
BACK!

COMMISSIONER, YOU LOOKING  
FOR THE DONNER MOB, AIN'T  
YOU WELL, DONNER'S HIDING  
OUT IN THE NINTH STREET  
STORAGE GARAGE!



# DETECTIVE COMICS





# DETECTIVE COMICS



GRIM SILENCE---AND THEN THE SLOW GRIND OF POWERFUL MACHINERY IN MOTION...

THEY'RE COMING UP, DONNER! **BATMAN AND ROBIN BOTH!**

WAIT TILL THEY REACH THIS FLOOR, THEN BLAST 'EM BEFORE THEY CAN JUMP OUT OF THEIR **BATMOBILE!**

GIANT WHEELS, COOS AND CABLES TURN, THEN FROM THE SHADOWS BELOW THE FAMOUS CAR COMES INTO VIEW!

SHOOT... WE'VE GOT 'EM COLD!

BUT AS THE MOBSTER'S GUYS THUNDER...

OH, YES... THEY DID. BUT YOU DIDN'T SEE IT!

THEY NEVER EVEN HAD A CHANCE TO MOVE!

NO, JUST DUMMIES WE RIDGED UP--- SPARE CAPES WITH SOME IMPROVISED STUFFING! I FIGURED THEY'D KEEP YOUR ATTENTION DIVERTED WHILE WE CAME UP THE STAIRS!

BUT YOU WERE IN THE CAR---

YOU USED STATION C-R-I-M-E'S RADIO WARNING SERVICE, DONNER! WHO AND WHERE IS THE VOICE?

IF YOU THINK RAWSON DOUBLE-CROSSED YOU, WHERE IS HE?

I'LL GIVE YOU A LIST OF HIS HIDEOUTS... IF I GO UP THE RIVER, HE'S GOING, TOO!

I DON'T KNOW! BUT I DO KNOW WHO MUST HAVE TOPPED YOU OFF WHERE WE WERE HIDING! MY "PAL" RAWSON---HE DIDN'T LIKE HIS SPLIT!



# DETECTIVE COMICS

**SOON...**

**ROBIN, I'M GOING BACK TO FOLLOW KELDEN'S TRAIL... YOU CHECK THOSE PLACES DOWNER NAMED, FOR RAWSON! DON'T TAKE CHANCES... IF YOU SEE HIM, CALL ME BY BELT-RADIO! I DON'T WANT A GENERAL POLICE ALERT ON THIS RIGHT NOW!**

I KNOW WHY THE **VOICE** WILL GET IT IN HIS MYSTERIOUS WAY AND WARNS RAMSON! OKAY, I'LL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU!

I'M FROM THE GOTHAM RADIO COMPANY -- WE INVESTIGATED, AS YOU ADVISED, AND FOUND OUR MAN KELDEN. NEVER DELIVERED THAT MOBILE RADIO-TRANSMITTER OUT WEST!

THEN KELDEN IS THE **VOICE**, WITHOUT A DOUBT! MAYBE I CAN PICK UP HIS TRAIL AT YOUR FACTORY! LET'S GO!

**GOON CITY  
POLICE  
DEPARTMENT**

KELDEN WORKED FOR A TIME IN THE LOUDSPEAKER DIVISION... HE WAS SO SKILLFUL, WE PROMOTED HIM!

I'LL QUESTION THE MEN HE WORKED WITH... THEY MIGHT SUGGEST HIS WHEREABOUTS!

BUT THE TESTING DEPARTMENT OF THE LOUDSPEAKER SECTION IS A DIFFICULT PLACE FOR QUESTIONS...

**TESTING TESTING**

YOU WORKED BESIDE GRAND KELDEN, DIDN'T YOU?

NO NEED TO SHOUT... WE SOON LEARN HOW TO READ LIPS ON THIS JOB, OR WE COULDN'T SPEAK TO EACH OTHER! YES, I KNEW KELDEN!

BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE LIVES, OR ANYTHING ABOUT HIS PERSONAL LIFE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

YES, I KNOW LIP-READING MYSELF, AND...

WHY, THAT'S IT--IT MUST BE... THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY OF STATION C-R-I-M-E! I MUST GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE!





# DETECTIVE COMICS



BUT WHEN BATMAN REACHES POLICE HEADQUARTERS HE HASTENS TO THE ROOF!

I WAS  
RIGHT!  
AND I'VE  
GOT TO ACT  
FAST, BEFORE  
THE VOICE  
LEAVES TO  
BROADCAST  
AGAIN!

YOU LED US A LONG CHASE, KELDEN--  
CONSIDERING YOU WERE RIGHT  
ACROSS THE STREET FROM  
OUR HEADQUARTERS!

SMASH!

A DARING, ACROBATIC SWING  
ACROSS THE CANYONED STREET  
TO A WINDOW IN THE OFFICE  
BUILDING OPPOSITE, AND...

BATMAN!

CRASH!

I KNEW, WHEN I GOT A CERTAIN CLUE, THAT  
THAT'S HOW YOU DID YOUR "LISTENING", KELDEN!  
AND IF I'M NOT WRONG, YOUR MOBILE-  
TRANSMITTER WILL BE IN A CAR OR TRUCK  
DOWN IN THIS BUILDING'S  
GARAGE!

BUT AT THAT  
MOMENT, ACROSS  
GOTHAM CITY,  
ROBIN USES THE  
BELT-RADIO FOR  
AN URGENT CALL!

ROBIN, WHAT HAPPENED?  
ROBIN, COME IN!

THIS IS RAWSON,  
BATMAN! I'M LEAVING  
GOTHAM CITY AND I'M TAKING  
YOUR YOUNG PAL WITH ME!  
TRY TO STOP ME, AND  
HE'LL PAY FOR  
IT!

BATMAN,  
I'VE FOUND ROBIN'S  
HIDEOUT AND I'M  
WAITING HERE  
FOR HIM!

YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT  
I WAITED IN MY CLOSET  
WHEN I HEARD YOU  
COME IN, BATMAN!

I HEARD THAT!  
STATION C-R-I-M-E  
MAY BE THROUGH -- BUT  
SO IS ROBIN UNLESS  
YOU LET THAT THUG  
ESCAPE, BATMAN!

MAYBE NOT! I SEE  
RAWSON'S CALL-NUMBER  
ON YOUR LIST HERE,  
AND I KNOW YOUR CODE!  
STATION C-R-I-M-E IS  
GOING TO BROADCAST  
ONCE MORE!





# DETECTIVE COMICS



FIRST, A SHIFT PHONE-CALL SUMMONS POLICE TO KELDEN'S OFFICE, WHERE HE IS TAKEN IN CUSTODY. THEN, FROM THE GARAGE WHERE KELDEN STORED HIS DISGUISED MOBILE-RADIO TRUCK...

STATION C-R-I-M-E  
CALLING D-14! SIGNAL 33!  
YOUR ONLY ESCAPE IS  
BY ROUTE 129!

RAWSON WILL HEAR  
THAT MESSAGE ON  
HIS CAR-RADIO, IF  
HE'S TRYING TO  
ESCAPE!

STATION C-R-I-M-E

CALLING D-14!  
SIGNAL 33!  
... ONLY ESCAPE  
BY ROUTE  
129 / THAT'S  
THE VOICE  
WARNING ME POLICE  
ARE BLOCKING ALL  
HIGHWAYS, EXCEPT  
ROUTE 129, THE  
TRANS-RIVER  
HIGHWAY! IT'S  
MY ONLY WAY OUT!



LATER, THE MYSTERY IS EXPLAINED TO COMMISSIONER GORDON...

YES, KELDEN OVERHEARD NEARLY EVERYTHING SAID IN YOUR OFFICE BY WATCHING YOU AND ALL OF US THERE, THROUGH THIS POWERFUL TELESCOPE --- AND READING YOUR LIPS!

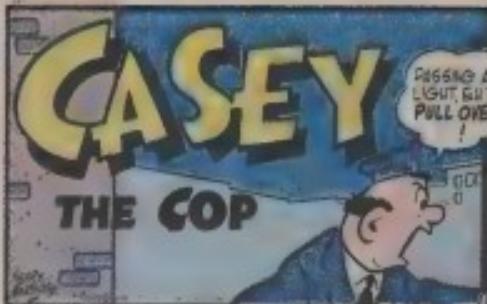
THEN HE BROADCAST WARNINGS TO THE UNDERWORLD MOMENTS LATER!



WITH STATION C-R-I-M-E FINALLY OFF THE AIR, YOU TWO DESERVE A QUIET EVENING AT HOME!

AND WE WON'T SPEND IT LISTENING TO THE RADIO!





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# IMPOSSIBLE-BUT TRUE

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO OWN A MACHINE THAT COULD CHANGE YOU INTO A GENIUS, AND ENABLE YOU TO SOLVE PROBLEMS THAT HAVE PERPLEXED THE BEST BRAINS IN THE WORLD? INCREDIBLE?... A CRAZY DREAM, YOU SAY? WELL, ROY RAYMOND, WHO MAKES IT HIS BUSINESS TO EXPOSE SUCH NOADES, FELT THE SAME WAY... BUT ROY HAD TO CHANGE HIS MIND SOON ENOUGH WHEN HE CAME FACE TO FACE WITH...

## The MAKER of MENTAL GIANTS!



ONE DAY, AS ROY RAYMOND CONDUCTS TRYOUTS FOR HIS FAMED "IMPOSSIBLE-BUT TRUE!" TELEVISION SHOW...

"YOU'VE HEARD OF ANIMAL TRAINERS, MR. RAYMOND? WELL, I'M A SMALL FISH TRAINER!"

QUITE A STUNT... CONSIDERING THAT FISH HAVE PRACTICALLY NO INTELLIGENCE AT ALL!

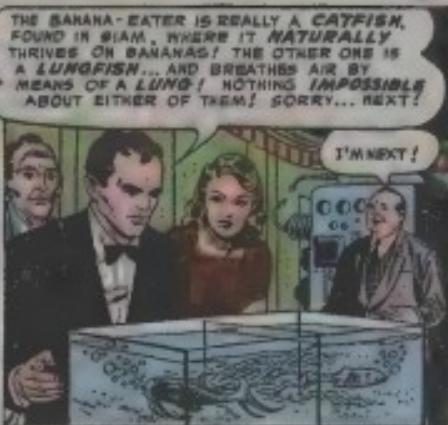
THINK I'M KIDDING, HUH? WELL, HERE'S WHAT I TRAINED THIS LITTLE FINNY FRIEND OF MINE TO DO!

LOOK, ROY! THAT FISH IS ACTUALLY EATING A BANANA!





# DETECTIVE COMICS





# DETECTIVE COMICS



POOR FELLOW... HE DOESN'T ACT LIKE THE TYPICAL HOAX WHO COMES UP HERE AND TRIES TO PUT ONE OVER ON ME! I THINK I'LL HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH HIM...

HOW ABOUT CHEERING ME UP?  
I WAS ALMOST KILLED!



NEXT DAY, AS ROY AND KAREN LUNCH AT A NEARBY DRUG STORE... MY... LOOK AT THIS RICE WRITEUP YOUR GENIUS MAKER GOT IN THE PAPER. HA-HA... MAKES GOOD PUBLICITY FOR THE SHOW!



AND SOME WEEKS LATER, AT THE STUDIO... OH-OH... HERE COMES THAT MAN AGAIN, ROY!

DON'T WORRY, KAREN--- IT WORKS! IT WORKS!



SO SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AS THE "GENIUS MAKER" PROCEEDED WITH HIS FIRST DEMONSTRATION...

THERE'S THE PROBLEM, JOE! THE QUESTION IS, HOW CAN WE FIND OUT THE SODIUM CONTENT OF THIS SOLUTION?

HMM... LET'S SEE NOW... THIS IS THE SILLIEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD OF! I DON'T KNOW WHY ROY'S EVEN BOTHERING WITH IT!





# DETECTIVE COMICS



WHY NOT? I NOTICED A SOUND WAVE MECHANISM IN THE WINGS... SUPPOSE I TEST YOU WITH THAT?

GOOD IDEA... I KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT THE TECHNICAL SIDE OF SOUND WAVES, AND I DOUBT THAT I'LL KNOW MUCH MORE TIED TO YOUR MACHINE!

SO IT'S ROY HIMSELF WHO SOON UNDERGOES THE ACID TEST...

NOW, MR. RAYMOND, WE KNOW THAT THIS SOUND WAVE MACHINE CAN SMASH A QUARTER-INCH THICK VASE AT A DISTANCE OF 10 FEET USING 125,000 CYCLES.

...LIKE THIS!



CAN YOU TELL US, MR. RAYMOND, HOW POWERFUL A SOUND WAVE IS NEEDED TO SMASH THAT STATUE?

UHM... TRY 179,000 CYCLES AT 10 FEET!

BULL'S-EYE! YOUR CALCULATION WAS PERFECT, MR. RAYMOND!

AND AS THE AMAZED FACT-FINDER EMERGES FROM THE MACHINE...

I--I DON'T GET IT! HOW COULD I POSSIBLY HAVE KNOWN THAT ANSWER?

THIS GUY SURE SEEMS TO HAVE ROY UP A TREE!



WELL, SIR?... DOES MY MACHINE GET ON YOUR SHOW?

I--I GUESS WE HAVE NO CHOICE!

BUT, ROY... THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS! HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY FALL FOR IT?

WELL, KAREN, IF YOU CAN COME UP WITH AN ANSWER, I'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR ABOUT IT-- BEFORE OUR NEXT SHOW!

Poor Roy... he's obviously convinced the man is a rook... yet he can't prove it! I-- I wish I could help him!



# DETECTIVE COMICS

**THIS, AS "IMPOSSIBLE...BUT TRUE!" AGAIN GOES ON THE AIR...**

FOLKS JUST TO PROVE THAT MR. LARUE ISN'T WORKING WITH A STOOGE, WE HAVE PLACED THE AUDIENCE'S NAMES IN THIS DRUM... AND THIS LITTLE LADY WILL PICK THE PERSON TO SERVE AS OUR SUBJECT! GO AHEAD, SWEETHEART!

THE LITTLE LADY HAS DRAWN THE NAME OF--- ER... HECTOR FILE! THAT'S ME!

AND NOW, WHILE MR. LARUE ADJUSTS THE CONTROLS, I'D LIKE TO ASK IF ANYONE IN THE AUDIENCE WOULD LIKE TO GIVE OUR SUBJECT A DIFFICULT PROBLEM?

SURE... I GOT A TOUGH ONE FOR HIM!

**WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM, SIR?**

IF AN OBJECT WEIGHING ABOUT 1,000 POUNDS IS DROPPED INTO THE SEA ABOUT SIX MILES OFF STONY POINT, HOW FAR AND IN WHICH DIRECTION WOULD THE UNDERSEA CURRENTS CARRY IT IN 40 DAYS?

**AND IN MILLIONS OF TELEVIEWERS' HOMES, THERE IS BUT ONE THOUGHT...**

LARUE HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING WHO'D BE PICKED AS THE SUBJECT! IF THIS MAN SOLVES THE PROBLEM, IT'LL MEAN THAT MACHINE ACTUALLY WORKS!

**MEANWHILE...**

HAVE YOU SOLVED THE PROBLEM, SIR?

SURE---NOTHING TO IT! THE OBJECT SHOULD BE ABOUT HALF A MILE DUE NORTH OF ITS ORIGINAL POSITION!

EITHER THAT, OR IT MEANS ROY RAYMOND WASN'T ABLE TO PROVE IT'S A HOAX!

**INCREDIBLE!**

**BUT AS SOON AS THE SHOW ENDS...**

ROT, I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU... I WAS SURE YOU WERE GOING TO EXPOSE THAT... HEY!

WHERE ARE YOU TWO GOING?

TO TEST THAT LAST ANSWER? COME ON, IF YOU'RE COMING!

**AN HOUR LATER, ABOARD A COAST GUARD CUTTER...**

HERE THEY COME NOW, LIEUTENANT, MAKE SURE YOU HAB THEM ALL!

IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, KAREN, WE'RE SOON GOING TO FACE WITH THE NOTORIOUS JAYSON MOB!

THEY THE HOODLUMS WHO STOLE A CHEST OF GOLD OFF A STEAMER, THEN DROPPED IT OVERBOARD WHEN THE COAST GUARD PURSUED THEM?

# DETECTIVE COMICS

THE SAME... AND HERE'S THE CHEST NOW! YOU SEE, THE HOODS KNEW WHERE THEY'D DROPPED IT, BUT THEY COULDN'T FIGURE OUT HOW FAR OR IN WHAT DIRECTION IT DRIFTED--

I SEE... AND THEY COULDN'T GO TO A SCIENTIST, AND ASK HIS ADVICE, COULD THEY?



"YOU SEE, I'D ALREADY VISITED LARUE, AFTER HIS FIRST MACHINE HAD EXPLODED, AND WE'D BECOME FRIENDLY! SO AFTER THE HOODS LEFT, LARUE CONTACTED ME... AND I CALLED THE POLICE..."

"SOUNDS LIKE THE JAYSON MOB, ROY. THEY'RE AFTER THAT CHEST THEY DROPPED AT SEA! WE NEVER COULD FIGURE OUT WHERE THEY DROPPED IT!"

"I'VE GOT AN IDEA... WE'LL PULL A SWITCH! INSTEAD OF GIVING THOSE HOODS THE INFORMATION THEY WANT AS TO WHERE THE CHEST DRIFTED, WE'LL MAKE THEM TELL US WHERE THEY DROPPED IT!"

"OF COURSE NOT! SO, WHEN THEY UNLEASHED THE HEADLINE ABOUT THE GENIUS-MAKING MACHINE, THEY PAID LAFCADIO LARUE A CALL, AND..."

"WE NEED A MACHINE LIKE YOURS TO... ER... LOCATE A CERTAIN CHEST WE DROPPED AT SEA! GET IT FIXED UP... AND IF IT WORKS, WE'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE, UNDERSTAND?"

SURE, SURE... IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH MR. RAYMOND!



"THEN—THEN IT WAS ALL A HOAX... AND YOU WERE BEHIND IT, ROY! BUT WAIT—WHAT ABOUT THOSE MEN WHO ANSWERED THE QUESTIONS? WERE THEY ACTORS?"



"CERTAINLY NOT! WE COULDN'T TAKE THAT CHANCE SINCE THE CROOKS MIGHT'VE DECIDED TO TEST US BEFORE ASKING US THE VITAL QUESTION: SO, RAYMOND—THE WAY I DID IT WAS TO HAVE ECKSTEIN, THE FAMOUS SCIENTIST, STAND BY ON AN OPEN WIRE CONNECTED UP TO THE MACHINE, AND..."



"LISTEN CAREFULLY, SIR... I WILL GIVE YOU THE ANSWER, BUT YOU MUST PRETEND TO BE ANSWERING IT YOURSELF! ROY RAYMOND WILL EXPLAIN LATER!"

"AND SO, LATER, BACK IN THE STUDIO..."

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE MACHINE, NOW, MR. LARUE? TURN IT INTO A TRUNK?"

"NO---ROY GAVE ME WHICH A BETTER IDEA... WITH A FEW CASE, CHARGES, IT LARUE WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE TEST IT OUT A TERRIFIC REDUCING MACHINE!"



THE END...



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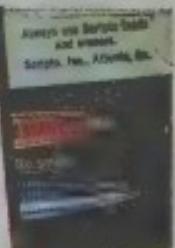
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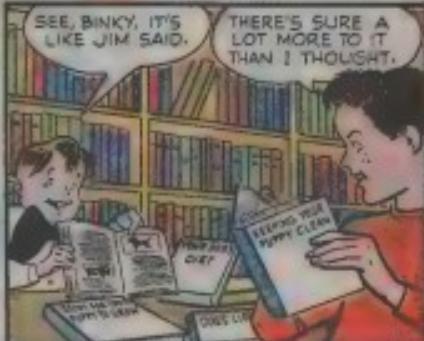
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# DETECTIVE COMICS



FOR YEARS, PAUL DENNIS HAS PROTECTED HIS SECRET IDENTITY OF ROBOTMAN. BUT NOW HIS ENTRY INTO THE SUPERSTITION CLUB THREATENS TO EXPOSE HIM. WHEN ONE OF THE MEMBERS TUMBLERS TO THE VITAL FACT. THIS TIME, IT LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH FOR THE...

## "SUPERSTITIOUS ROBOT!"

AS PASSENGERS DISEMBARK FROM THE S.S. MERMAID, A LONE FIGURE ROBOTMAN CONDUCTS AN INVESTIGATION...

I HOPE THESE FLUORESCENT PICTURES I'M TAKING OF EVERY PASSENGER REVEAL WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE INTRICATE CAMERA CLICKS...

THIS NEW CAMERA I ADDED TO MY EQUIPMENT WORKS LIKE AN X-RAY, SO IT'LL REVEAL WHATEVER A PERSON IS CARRYING IN HIS CLOTHING!



# DETECTIVE COMICS

AFTER THE LINER HAS BEEN CLEARED...

WASHINGTON ASKED ME TO HELP FIND THE DIAMOND SMUGGLERS WHO'VE BEEN USING THESE SHIPS, BUT SO FAR, WE'VE BEEN UP AGAINST A STONE WALL!



LATER, IN AN F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE DARK ROOM...

NOTHING I PHOTOGRAPHED EVERYONE ABOARD THAT SHIP... AND NOT ONE OF THEM WAS CARRYING CONTRABAND!



THE GEMS ARE SMUGGLED IN EVERY THREE MONTHS. WE'RE AT OUR WITS' END. ROBOTMAN, WE CAN'T DISCOVER HOW THEY'VE GOTTEN IN OR HOW THEY'RE DISPOSED OF!

I'LL GIVE IT MORE THOUGHT AT HOME!

LATER, IN HIS PRIVATE LABORATORY...

WELL, OF ALL THINGS! AN INVITATION TO PAUL DENNIS TO JOIN THE SUPERSTITION CLUB! QUITE AN HONOR... BUT I COULDN'T ACCEPT IT! THERE'S AN ELABORATE INITIATION CEREMONY... AND IT WOULD REVEAL THE FACT THAT I HAVE A METAL BODY!



A PLASTIC FACE AND ORDINARY ATTIRE TRANSFORM THE METAL MARVEL INTO PAUL DENNIS...

STILL, REFUSAL TO JOIN MIGHT ARROUSE SUSPICION! I'LL HAVE TO ACCEPT THE INVITATION... AND HOPE FOR THE BEST!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE FANTASTIC CHAMBER OF THE SUPERSTITION CLUB...

PAUL DENNIS, YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO BE TAKEN INTO THE CLUB, ALL OF WHOSE MEMBERS SUCCEDED IN LIFE BY CAREFULLY FOLLOWING GOOD LUCK SIGNS!

YOUR FIRST TEST IS TO SWIM ACROSS A POOL OF WATER, PICKING UP THE GOOD LUCK PIECES YOU FIND ON THE BOTTOM!

...

HERE'S THE FIRST TEST... IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!





# DETECTIVE COMICS



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

LUCKILY, THIS AFTERNOON, I MADE A RUBBERIZED PLASTIC SUIT TO WEAR OVER MY METAL BODY TO CONCEAL IT. I LOOK LIKE ANY OTHER HUMAN BEING... UNLESS THE PLASTIC BREAKS!

AN ANCHOR IS A LUCKY SYMBOL! AND THERE'S A RABBIT'S FOOT. HMM, THIS REMINDS ME OF THE TIME WHEN I, AS ROBOTMAN, CAUGHT THE "GOOD-LUCK CHARM" GANG!



THEY ASSUMED THEY HAD KILLED ROBOTMAN, AND WHEN I ABRUPTLY APPEARED...

IT'S ROBOTMAN'S GHOST! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!



GOOD! EVERY ONE OF THEM IS THERE. CONGRATULATIONS, PAUL!

LUCKILY FOR ME THEY DIDN'T NOTICE HOW MY METAL BODY DROPPED WHEN I DIVERED, OR HOW FAST MY METAL LEGS HAD TO KICK TO PROPEL ME THROUGH THE WATER SO I'D LOOK LIKE A NORMAL PERSON!



THEN, AS HE DRESSES...

YOUR SECOND TEST IS TO TELL US THE GOOD LUCK BELIEFS ASSOCIATED WITH THE PART OF YOUR BODY A MEMBER WILL TOUCH!

SINCE MY BODY IS MADE OF METAL AND PLASTIC, HOW CAN I FEEL WHAT HE TOUCHES?



# DETECTIVE COMICS



BUT... HE TOUCHED MY LEFT SHOULDER! IF ONE SPILLS SALT, IT SHOULD BE SPRINKLED OVER THE LEFT SHOULDER. NEVER LOOK OVER THE LEFT SHOULDER AT THE FULL MOON!

LUCKILY, HE TAPPED HARD ENOUGH TO MAKE A FAINT SOUND, SO I HEARD HIM TOUCH MY LEFT SHOULDER EVEN IF I COULDN'T FEEL IT!

AND NOW, YOUR THIRD AND LAST TEST, PAUL DENNIS...

PICK UP AND DELIVER ALL THE LUCKY SYMBOLS YOU FIND TO THE ADDRESS I WILL GIVE YOU!

ONE OF OUR MEMBERS WILL FOLLOW TO SEE THAT YOU MAKE NO MISTAKES. SINCE WE ALL WEAR HOODS, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE HIM!



THUS, SHORTLY AFTER... COLLECTING THESE LUCKY SYMBOLS REMINDS ME OF THE TIME, AS ROBOTMAN, I BROUGHT IN THE CRIME COLLECTOR!

WE WANTED TO COLLECT ROBOTMAN AS THE MAIN ATTRACTION OF HIS ARMOR COLLECTION!



FORTUNATELY, I TUMBLED TO HIS SCHEME AND BROUGHT THE CRIME COLLECTOR IN WITH HIS ENTIRE GANG!



AS THE CANDIDATE STOOPS TO RETRIEVE A METAL COFFER, HIS HOODED COMPANION GASPS...

WHY --- IT JUMPED UP INTO HIS HAND! THE TOP IS MAGNETIZED, SO PAUL DENNIS MUST HAVE A METAL HAND! IF THAT IS TRUE... HE MUST BE... ROBOTMAN!





# DETECTIVE COMICS



I CAN SEE IT NOW! THE F.B.I. ASKED ROBOTMAN TO FIND THOSE SMUGGLERS... AND IN THE GUISE OF PAUL DENNIS HE WORKED HIS WAY INTO THE SUPERSTITION CLUB... TO CATCH ME!



I'LL BE READY FOR HIM WHEN HE GETS HERE! THAT'S A METAL HORSESHOE, AND I CAN THROW A SWITCH, WHICH TURNS IT INTO A HUGE ELECTRO-MAGNET!



WHEELING A TRACTOR  
BENEATH IT, JIM EDWARDS  
PREPARES TO TEST HIS  
DEATH TRAP...

NOW TO SWITCH  
ON ITS FULL  
POWER!



AN INSTANT LATER...



NOW I DARE  
ROBOTMAN  
TO COME! HE'LL  
BE SMASHED TO  
BITS, JUST AS  
THAT TRACTOR  
WAS! I'LL BE RID  
OF ROBOTMAN...  
FOREVER!

MINUTES  
LATER,  
PAUL  
DENNIS...  
UNAWARE  
OF THE  
DOOM  
AWAITING  
HIM...  
RACES  
UNDER  
THE  
METAL  
HORSE-  
SHOE...

THIS IS THE END OF  
MY INITIATION, I GUESS  
I WAS WORRIED  
OVER NOTHING.  
I PASSED THE  
TESTS WITH  
FLYING COLORS!

HERE THEY ARE,  
EDWARDS! EVERY  
LUCKY SYMBOL...  
FROM THE CLUB-  
HOUSE TO YOUR  
ESTATE!

I WAS WRONG.  
I JUST FIGURED  
THAT PAUL  
DENNIS IS NOT  
ROBOTMAN!



AS SOON AS PAUL DENNIS DEPARTS, THEY'RE ALL HERE! THIS BOY WAS MAGNETIZED TO PREVENT THE METAL BARS HOLDING THE SMUGGLED DIAMONDS FROM SLIDING AROUND IN THE SECRET COMPARTMENT AND BETRAYING THEIR PRESENCE! UNKNOWN TO THEM, I'VE BEEN USING **SUPERSTITION CLUB** MEMBERS TO BRING ME CONTRABAND JEWELS FOR A LONG TIME!

THAT'S WHY THE DIAMOND SMUGGLING OCCURRED EVERY THREE MONTHS...TO COINCIDE WITH EACH INITIATION! HOWEVER, YOUR ACCOMPLICES DIDN'T BRING THEM OFF THE SHIP!

ROBOTMAN

STOP! STOP! I'LL KILL YOU... NO WAITED UNTIL THE SHIP WAS READY TO SAIL BACK TO EUROPE. THEN YOU HENT ABOARD IT AS A VISITOR, SEEING FRIENDS OFF. THAT WAY, YOU COULD RECOVER THE DIAMONDS WITHOUT SUSPICION. YOU TOOK THE JEWELS FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE IN THE STATEROOM AND LEFT THEM IN A HIDING PLACE ON SHORE!

THE BOX YOU LEFT THE DIAMONDS IN WAS ALWAYS SHAPED AS A LUCKY SYMBOL. WARY OF BEING WATCHED AS YOU LEFT THE SHIP, YOU HAD NEW MEMBERS OF THE **SUPERSTITION CLUB** BRING THE BOX AND ITS CONTENTS TO YOU AS PART OF THEIR INITIATION!

I KNEW THE METAL BOX JUMPED INTO MY HAND. CURIOUS AS TO WHY IT WAS MAGNETIZED, I EXAMINED IT, AND FOUND THE DIAMONDS. I SPRAYED MY BODY WITH A NON-MAGNETIC SUBSTANCE, AWARE THAT HE MIGHT TRY TO STOP ME! AFTER LEARNING ABOUT THAT HORSESHOE MAGNET, I'M GLAD I DID!

6

THE END

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### Tootsie Rolls

# CALLING ALL CARS!



## When That Alarm Is Sounded, Complex Police Machinery Is Set In Motion

**I**N the industrial section of a large mid-western city, recently, the cashier of a large textile printing firm arrived at his office with a black bag containing the payroll. A police officer had accompanied the cashier from the bank to the company gates, where the policeman had left the cashier at exactly 11:05 A.M.

Once inside the office, the cashier began sorting the bills and change and filling the employees' pay envelopes. But at about 11:25 he was interrupted by a gruff voice:

"Don't bother finishing that, mister! We'll take it all off your hands!"

The cashier turned, and found himself looking into the business end of a .45 caliber automatic. Then the three stick-up men went to work with an efficiency that stamped them professionals. One stationed himself at the door to the plant, the second guarded the exit, while the leader of the trio scooped up the money, shovelling the bills into a large cowhide bag.

Two minutes after they had arrived, the hoodlums escaped. Fortunately, the cashier had been advised as to his actions in an emergency of this sort by the police, and wasted no time in calling the precinct. At the same time, he shouted to one of the

firm's secretaries to look out the window and find out what kind of a getaway car the crooks were using.

The moment the precinct had sufficient details of the robbery, contact was made with the Communications Bureau. The Communications, or Telegraph, Bureau of every police department, is its nerve system. Making use of every modern form of communication—telephone, telegraph, radio, teletype—the Communications Bureau ties together every facet of the sprawling police department.

Seconds after the Communications Bureau had received details of the armed hold-up, alarms were being radioed to the patrol cars of the area where the stick-up had taken place. Minutes later, a policeman was questioning the cashier, the secretary, and all others who had seen the hold-up men, or the getaway car.

Details deemed unimportant or insignificant by the cashier when he phoned in the news of the robbery were learned by the policemen who then returned to their squad car and radioed in the additional data.

Again the Communications Bureau contacted squad cars, only these squad cars were far removed from the scene of the

car. At the same time, the police were doing some rapid deductions. These men were professionals. Therefore, they wouldn't be stupid enough to use a car belonging to any one of them. More likely it was a stolen car. And by this time they had taken the precaution to change the license plates.

Therefore, police officers, while given the reported license numbers, were advised not to concentrate too heavily on them. There were other clues to look for.

Meanwhile, the thieves, now three miles from the scene of their crime, were beginning to relax. The sedan they had stolen for this job was of a popular make, and black. They had already changed the license plates, stolen from a car of similar manufacture. They drove along at a normal rate of speed, obeyed all traffic signals and regulations. They did nothing, in short, to attract the watchful eye of the police.

You can, therefore, imagine the astonishment when a squad car pulled up alongside their car, while a police officer, holding a drawn gun, ordered them over to the side of the road.

The hoodlums, of course, fell victim to the most remarkable police system in the world. Although they had succeeded in making a clean getaway, and covering their tracks cleverly, their car was a sitting duck when the police "key" system was set up to trap them.

The "key" system is a method whereby every squad car in every direction leading from the scene of the crime immediately begins a set routine of covering certain streets in its district. A getaway car is bound to hit a street or road, or a combination of streets and roads, that will lead the crooks out of the city.

Every police officer in a squad car is

familiar with these combinations. He can recite them by memory, and backwards! He also knows what to look for. The details of the crime keep coming over his radio.

In this particular case, the police officers whose alert eyes had spotted the getaway car, had been ignoring the license numbers altogether. They had concentrated on counting the *number of passengers* in passing cars! "Three" seemed like an odd enough number to narrow down the possibilities considerably. Which is what actually happened. The crime car was the first car they spotted with three passengers inside!

As you can readily see, the work of the Communications Bureau of the police department, is vital. No hoodlum, however desperate, will tackle any job unless he has a reasonable assurance that he is going to get away with it.

To that end, he plans his burglary in two parts. First, breaking in and getting his hands on the loot! Second, in making a speedy and successful getaway! If he can't count on both of these two elements, he's going to stop and think again about continuing.

The Communications Bureau specializes in discouraging the criminal about the second part! With the facilities to transmit alarms and special messages at a moment's notice, the Communications Bureau maintains a virtual net that can seal off a great city in an amazingly short period of time.

Many cars driven by criminals are equipped with short-wave radios to intercept police messages, but they would be wise to throw them away. And they would, if they had any idea of the complex machinery set in operation behind the alarm that begins with "Calling All Cars!"

—Jack E. Miller

# THE LINE OF STARS



# PRESENTS



## Coming Attractions



-AND THIS SYMBOL  
ON THE COVER OF  
ANY COMICS  
MAGAZINE  
IS YOUR GUARANTEE  
OF THE **BEST**  
IN COMICS READING!

**EXTRA  
ADDED  
FEATURE!**





# Pow-Wow Smith

INDIAN  
LAW-  
MAN

IT'S YOU THEY'RE  
AFTER, BOBBY ...  
BECAUSE YOUR  
TESTIMONY CAN  
SEND THOSE KILLERS  
TO THEIR DEATH!

WHAT'S  
THE DIFFERENCE,  
POW-WOW?  
I WON'T  
TESTIFY AGAINST  
ANYBODY!

WHY DID THE LAD REFUSE TO TESTIFY  
AGAINST THE KILLERS, THOUGH HE'D  
ACTUALLY SEEN THEM COMMIT  
MURDER? POW-WOW SMITH,  
GALLANT INDIAN LAWMAN, WAS  
THE ONLY PERSON WHO MIGHT  
LEARN THE ANSWER TO THIS  
QUESTION ... BUT HIS FIRST  
PROBLEM WAS TO QUIET THE  
OUTLAW GUNS AIMED AT...

## The UNWILLING... WITNESS!



WOOH TIME... AND A GROUP OF SILENT, HARD-FACED  
RIDERS RAN UP AT TRADER MIKE'S, JUST OUT-  
SIDE A SMALL WESTERN TOWN...

ROBBERY'S AROUND...  
THIS JOB OUGHTA  
BE A CINCH!

C'MON... WE'LL MAKE  
THIS ONE FAST!

BUT INSIDE, AS TRADER MIKE ATTEMPTS TO  
RESIST THE GUNSMEN...

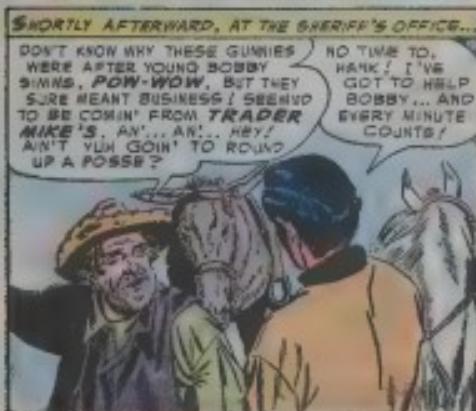
I AIN'T LETTIN' NO  
HANDFULL OF DRIFTERS...  
UNH!

THE FOOL'S GOIN'  
FOR A SHOTGUN!  
BLAST HIM!





# DETECTIVE COMICS





# DETECTIVE COMICS



OUTSIDE, THE INDIAN'S EAGLE-LIKE EYES SCAN THE GROUND AND QUICKLY COME UP WITH THE ANSWER...

SO THAT WAS IT!

BOBBY STOOD HERE... OUTSIDE THE WINDOW... AND MUST HAVE WITNESSED THE MURDER! THEN THE KILLERS MUST HAVE SPOTTED HIM... AND CHASED HIM!

BUT THEY DIDN'T GET HIM... I CAN TELL THAT MUCH BY THE TRACKS! THE PLUCKY LAD LOST THEM IN THE BRUSH!

LET'S SEE... HIS TRACKS LEAD TOWARD THE CREEK... AND HERE'S WHERE THE OUTLAWS WAITED, MOST LIKELY FOR A CONFERENCE! I SURE HOPE THEY DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT FOLLOWING TRAILS!



AND AT THE CREEK'S SHORE... CLEVER BOY...

TOOK TO THE WATER TO HIDE HIS FOOTPRINTS! BUT I CAN STILL MAKE OUT A TRACE OF THEM IN THE SOFT MUDD ON THE BOTTOM! HE HEADED DOWNSTREAM... I'LL FOLLOW!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR DISTANT...

THIS IS SILLY... A BRAT OUTFITTIN' ALL OF US! SPREAD OUT... WE'LL BEAT EVERY INCH O' THE BRUSH 'TILL WE FIND THAT KID!

AN' WHEN WE DO, IT'S CURTAINS FOR HIM! WE HAVE TO KNOCK HIM OFF BEFORE HE GETS BACK TO TOWN AN' SQUEALS ON US!



AS FOR POW-WOW, AFTER FOLLOWING THE FAINT TRACKS IN THE MUDD, HE SOON EMERGES FROM THE CREEK, AND...

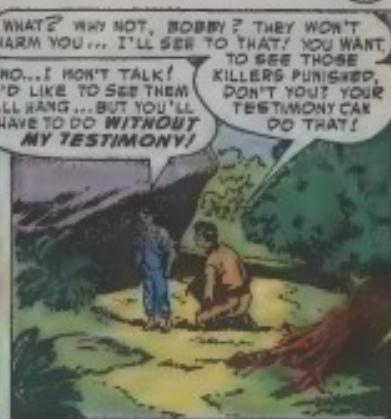


HUH? POW-WOW! EWW... THOSE KILLERS ARE NEARBY SEARCHING FOR YOU!





# DETECTIVE COMICS



# DETECTIVE COMICS

**AND AS POW-WOW RACES TO SLUG THE GUNMEN...**

REMEMBER, BOBBY... WHEN YOU TAKE TO A STREAM TO LOSE YOUR PURSUITERS, RUN ON THE **HARD BOTTOM...** NOT IN THE SOFT MUD, WHERE A TRAINED EYE CAN SPOT TRACES OF YOUR PRINTS!

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE, **POW-WOW.** SOON AS WE'RE OUT OF DANGER, YOU CAN LET ME DO IT!

I'M JUST IN YOUR WAY HERE... YOUR JOB'S TO CAPTURE THOSE OUTLAWS!

NOT UNTIL YOU'VE TOLD ME WHY YOU DON'T WANT TO TESTIFY! THOSE MEN ARE BAD... THEY'RE KILLERS... AND I KNOW YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD BOY, BOBBY! WHY WON'T YOU ADMIT YOU SAID THE MURDER COMMITTEE?

I--I JUST CAN'T, **POW-WOW,** BELIEVE ME!

I KNOW YOU'RE PEEPING ON ME... AND I'D REALLY LIKE TO TESTIFY... BUT IT'S JUST IMPOSSIBLE... GOLD-PLATED BADGE FELL-- AND I CAN'T TELL YOU THE REASON! WHAT IT IS?



**THE WILDERNESS CLUB?** WHY---WHY, THIS MAY BE THE ANSWER TO EVERYTHING! OF COURSE... WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?

LISTEN, BOBBY... PROMISE ME YOU WON'T TRY TO RUN AWAY AGAIN, AND I'LL GET US BOTH OUT OF HERE SAFELY! MY PONY IS STILL BELOW, WAITING!

ALL RIGHT... I'LL PROMISE... IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO FORCE ME TO TESTIFY! OKAY?

YES, BOBBY... I PROMISE I WON'T FORCE YOU TO TESTIFY! NOW, WE'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL... COME ON...

AND WHEN WE DO REACH TOWN, I HAVE A VERY URGENT TRIP TO MAKE... TO THE WILDERNESS CLUB!



**SOON...** THE OUTLAWS ARE NOW BETWEEN US AND MY PONY! WE'VE GOT TO DISTRACT THEM SOMEHOW, THEN MAKE A DASH FOR IT!





# DETECTIVE COMICS



HOTTING A CROW'S NEST IN A DISTANT TREE, POW-WOW PICKS UP A STONE, AND...



RUN, BOBBY... WHILE THEIR BACKS ARE TOWARD US!



AND BY THE TIME THE JITTERY OUTLAWS EMPTY THEIR PISTOLS...



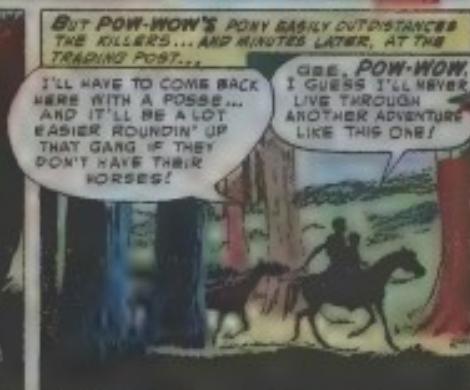
THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY! GUN 'EM DOWN!



BUT POW-WOW'S PONY EASILY OUTDISTANCES THE KILLERS... AND MINUTES LATER, AT THE TRADING POST...

I'LL HAVE TO COME BACK HERE WITH A POSSE... AND IT'LL BE A LOT EASIER ROUNDIN' UP THAT GANG IF THEY DON'T HAVE THEIR HORSES!

GEE, POW-WOW, I GUESS I'LL NEVER LIVE THROUGH ANOTHER ADVENTURE LIKE THIS ONE!



AFTERWARDS, IN TOWN...

KEEP YOUR BOY HERE, MR. SINGS! WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK... AFTER WE GOT THOSE KILLERS!

SURE THING POW-WOW! YOU STAY RIGHT WITH ME, BOBBY!

LET'S RIDE, POW-WOW... ALL THE BOYS ARE HERE NOW!



AND BACK TOWARD THE TRADING POST RACES THE POSSE...

THE OUTLAWS HAVE LIKELY RETURNED FOR THEIR HORSES BY THIS TIME! BE READY FOR SOME SHOOTING!





# DETECTIVE COMICS



WHILE UP AHEAD...  
HERE COMES THE  
INJUN BACK AGAIN  
WITH A POSSE! WE'  
AIN'T GOT KROSSES...  
WHAT'LL WE DOT?

ONLY ONE THING WE CAN  
DO... FIGHT IT OUT  
WITH 'EM!

AND THE BATTLE IS ON...



OWWW!  
MY  
HAND...

I'VE HAD ENOUGH...  
I'M GIVIN' UP!

SO WITHIN A FEW SHORT MINUTES...

THAT DOES IT!  
WE'VE GOT THE  
WHOLE GANG, AN'  
AN'... WHERE'S  
POW-WOW  
HOT-FOOTIN' IT  
OFF TO?

SOON'S HE GONE  
WE HAD THESE  
KILLERS IN TOW,  
HE TOOK OFF...  
SAYIN' HE HAD AN  
IMPORTANT DATE  
WITH A BOY'S  
CLUB! WONDER  
WHY?

A LITTLE LATER, AT THE HEAD-  
QUARTERS OF THE WILDERNESS  
CLUB...

HEY, FELLOWS!  
LOOK WHO'S HERE?  
POW-WOW SMITH!



I WANT TO HAVE A  
LITTLE CONFERENCE  
WITH YOU, BOYS,  
CONCERNING ONE  
OF YOUR MEMBERS,  
BOBBY SUMMERS!  
OKAY?

SURE, POW-WOW!  
WE MADE YOU AN  
HONORARY MEMBER.  
LONG AGO... YOU HAVE  
PERMISSION TO ENTER  
THE CLUB HOUSE ANY-  
TIME! COME ON!

FOR AN HOUR, POW-WOW CONFERRED WITH THE  
YOUNGSTERS... AND SO, THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT  
COURT...

YES... THOSE  
ARE THE MEN WHO ENTERED  
TRADER MIKE'S PLACE  
AND KILLED HIM WHEN HE  
REACHED FOR A SHOTGUN!  
I SAW IT ALL FROM THE  
WINDOW!

WELL, POW-WOW,  
THAT JUST ABOUT  
CLOSES THE CASE.  
THOSE KILLERS  
ARE AS GOOD AS  
BEHIND BARS! BUT  
TELL ME...





# DETECTIVE COMICS



... WHY DIDN'T LITTLE BOBBY WANT TO TESTIFY BEFORE? HE WAS DEAD SET AGAINST IT! HOW'D YUR BRING HIM AROUND?

THIS WAS THE KEY TO IT ALL! YOU SEE, BOBBY WAS JUST JOINING THE WILDERNESS CLUB, AND HIS INITIATION WAS TO SPEND A DAY IN THE WOODS, FINDING HIS OWN FOOD LIKE A REAL SCOUT...

BUT BOBBY GOT HUNGRY, AND WENT TO THE TRADING POST TO BUY FOOD! HE DIDN'T WANT THIS FACT TO LEAK OUT, HE COULDN'T TELL...

**ADMIT** HE WAS THERE WHEN THE MURDER OCCURRED! HE WAS AFRAID OF BEING TURNED DOWN BY THE CLUB... A VERY IMPORTANT THING TO A BOY HIS AGE!



SO THE OTHER BOYS AND I HAD A LITTLE TALK WITH BOBBY... AND LIKE GOOD CLUB MEMBERS, WE FIXED EVERYTHING!

GEE, BOBBY... YOU'RE A HERO! YOU WERE A SIGHT ON A REAL CASE WITH POW-WOW SMITH!

ALL THE KIDS IN TOWN ARE TALKING ABOUT YOU!

LATER, WHEN POW-WOW AND BOBBY ARE ALONE...

GOLLY, I'VE SURE LEARNED A LESSON, POW-WOW... BUT STILL, WASN'T I CHEATING WHEN I WENT TO THE TRADING POST TO BUY FOOD?

THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR YOU SAY, BOBBY! YES, YOU DID CHEAT, IN A WAY... BUT YOU'VE SHOWN THAT YOU HAVE THE STUFF TO BE A REAL CLUB MEMBER! SO THEY'RE GIVING YOU ANOTHER CHANCE... AND THIS TIME, I KNOW YOU'LL PASS!



THE END

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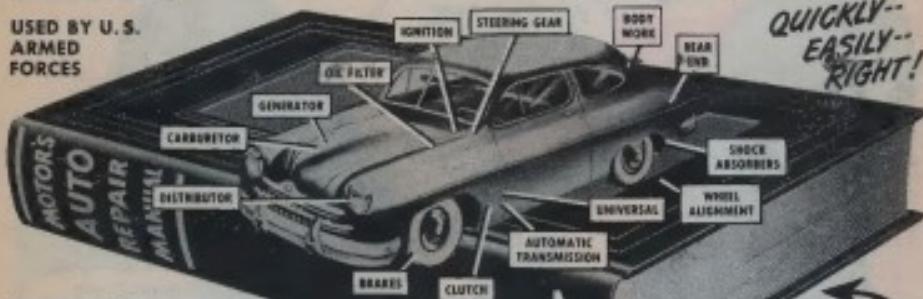
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